



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

Unmov'd he views her lovely streaming  
eyes,  
Unmov'd alas, he soon will view her  
dead.

No more, no more...he dumb my prattling  
muse,  
Transgress no longer on her precious  
time,  
Lest offer'd trifles lab'ring to excuse,  
You make them worse with load of evil  
rhyme.

Yet tell her she received from nature's  
hands,  
A form all elegance, and every gem  
In worth's bright diadem which foremost  
stands,  
Could fortune add one ornament to them?  
Tell her these flinty pebbles of the north,  
Devoutly plac'd upon her saintly shrine;  
Will matchless lustre thence derive and  
worth  
Beyond the products of the Indian mine.  
A. H. H.

#### AN ADDRESS,

*Spoken at the Belfast Theatre, on the night of  
the 19th inst. when a Play was performed  
for the Benefit of the Pupils of the IRISH  
HARP SOCIETY.*

BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

**ERE** laws were fram'd, or arts receiv'd  
their birth,  
Or culture's hand had tam'd the stubborn  
earth,  
Man helpless liv'd, to solitude confin'd,  
One step exalted o'er the bestial kind;  
And still among the woods and wilds had  
roam'd,  
To lonely misery perpetual doom'd,  
Had not, to ease his woes, propitious heav'n  
One gift of passing worth in mercy given;  
Call'd forth the Angel form that guides the  
spheres  
Thro' all the periods of revolving years,  
With skill melodious—called, and bade her  
go,  
To harmonize a jarring world below.  
She came,—she struck the lyre—creation  
smil'd—  
The fur-clad savage quit the desert wild;  
Nation with nation, by the spell divine,  
In bonds of social amity combine:  
And cities rise, and navies ride the main,  
And teeming plenty crowns the laughing  
plain.  
But, as our circling planet she surveys,  
To mark th' effect of her transforming lays,

Her fondest gaze, her most enraptured  
smile,  
Was lavish'd on Ierne's sea-green isle.  
Here swelled her sweetest notes; the rap-  
tured bard

From sire to son transmits the notes he  
heard.

Hence when her thunderbolts destruction  
hurled

From northern mountains thro' the western  
world,

Learning and taste fled from the wild a-  
larms,

And found a refuge in Ierne's arms.

Hence also, when the Dane with hostile  
boast

Hung, like the cloud of death, around her  
coast,

The mighty BRYAN fired his warlike band,  
To bleed or conquer for their native land.

He struck the Harp—a thousand faulchions  
rose

And hurl'd destruction on a thousand foes.

"Ierne's fleet, even then the nation's pride,  
"With keels impetuous cut the foaming  
tide;

"Swept from the ocean's face th' impending  
host,

"And from invasion purged the sacred  
coast.

"The wounded warrior, faint with toils of  
war,

"Hence draws a balm to heal his bleeding  
scar;

"For as the fair-haired daughters of the  
Isle

"With grateful songs his anguish'd soul  
beguile;

"He drinks with greedy ear the sweet-  
sung strain,

"And peace and rest succeed to throes of  
pain.

But now, pur heav'n born Harp, with  
other fires

Than those of war and death, her sons in-  
spires:

"Now, while destruction's banner wide un-  
furl'd,

"Waves like a meteor o'er a prostrate  
world;

"While nation after nation tottering fall,  
"Till all are sunk—one fate involving all;

"Secure we stand, and, when the tale we  
hear,

"If beats the heart, 'tis pity's throb, not  
fear."

Oh, sacred Charity! to thee 'tis given,  
To sanctify the gift bestow'd by Heaven;

To bid the strains of harmony arise,  
Like grateful incense to their native skies;

Upon the lonely sightless sons of woe  
A new foreign source of pleasure to bestow.

Behold thy work!—

[*The scene opening, discovers the Harpers.*]

See here a helpless band,  
The tokens of thy gracious influence, stand!  
What speaks this sight?—It tells to all around,

That Charity and music chose this ground,  
This favour'd spot, the seat of wealth and arts,

To fix their empire in a people's hearts.  
What! tho' no mighty fabric charms the eye,

No far famed column towers to meet the sky—

What! tho' all sweeping Luxury's fell sway

Transform not seasons, turn not night to day—

Yet here the faithful chronicler can boast  
A fame superior to her pomp or cost;  
Hearts, where with strange coincidence conspires

Scotia's calm prudence with Ierne's fires:  
A town, where patient industry presides,  
Where virtue to the fane of honour guides;  
Where pity opens the willing hand of wealth,  
Dispensing balm to care, to sickness health;  
Where poverty is banished from the door,  
And vagrant idleness dares prowl no more.

Thy merit *shall* have praise—where'er this band,

The children of thy bounty, thro' the land

Repeat the tones that once our fathers loved,  
The raptured audience, with strange passion moved,

Will ask, what blessed hand restored those strains,

So nearly lost, to vibrate thro' our plains?  
Then will the swell of gratitude arise  
In joyous tides to fill their sightless eyes,  
While memory, to the voice of nature true,  
Exclaims with rapturous sympathy—to you!

The lines marked thus ("") were omitted at the representation, through fear of rendering the recitation tedious.

#### UAL MO CHROIDHE.

THOU dear seducer of my heart,  
Fond cause of every struggling sigh;  
No more can I conceal love's smart,  
No more restrain the ardent eye.  
What tho' this tongue did never more  
To tell thee all its master's pain,

My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love,  
Ah! Norah, shall they speak in vain.

My fond imagination warm,  
Presents thee at the noontide beam,  
And sleep gives back thy angel form,  
To clasp thee in the midnight dream.  
My Norah, tho' no splendid store,  
I boast, a venal heart to move;  
Yet charmer, I am far from poor,  
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart, shall all  
My hopes of thee, and peace be fled,  
Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall,  
Unpitied wilt thou see me dead!  
I'll make a cradle of this breast,  
Thy image all its child shall be;  
My throbbing heart will rock to rest,  
The cares that waste thy life and me.

#### MAIDIN BATTANAC SLEARI DUFF GINO BUIDH.

SO sweet is the lip of the maid that I love,  
Let us meet at the bower beneath the green tree,  
Let the ray of the moon be thy guide thro' the grove,  
And thine eye be the beam that will light me to thee.  
O steal to the bower, where willows entwined  
With woodbine and roses to shade it a bower;  
I swear there is nought in a goblet of wine,  
So sweet as the lip of the maid that I love.

Haste, haste, thou bright moon to rise over the hill,  
And spread thy soft hues on the valley beneath;  
Peace tremulous aspen, be quiet, be still,  
I hear her light step, and I fear me to breathe.  
O come then my charmer and banish my fear,  
Bring joy to my heart and each doubt will remove;  
I swear there is nought upon earth that's so dear,  
So sweet as the lip of the maid that I love.

#### THE MAID OF THE MOOR, OR THE WATER FIENDS; BY GEORGE COLMAN.

ON a wild Moor, all brown and black  
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,